

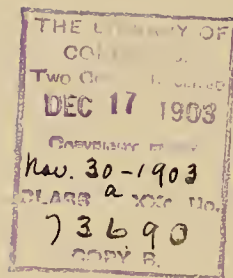
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Annals of Old Angelina

"Mika Yahoos Delate Kloshe"

BY *BERTHA PIPER VENEN*



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Old Princess Angeline has passed
Into such varied Art realm vast,
Of photo, drapery, bric-a-brac and glory,
I fain unto her friends would send
As souvenir, a token that will blend
With others, pointing to her story!



Old Front Street (First Avenue) in 1878

Ah! many a one can still, I ween,
Remember well Old Angeline,
Who left us with her weary feet
Ere we could pave our old Front Street,—
On which for many years were seen
Quaint visions of Old Angeline!



Quaint Visions of Old Angeline

And there are those who buy for wife,
Some trifle picturing her in life,
Who once as "hateful little boy"
Reviled her with an impish joy!
He could not know that with a check
Some day he'd buy "her cracked old neck"!

That for a Puget Sound clam shell
Enfolding Angy he'd pay well;
Or that in Madam's little den
He'd see her here or there again!
Or by my Lady's shopping bag
He'd haunted be by "that old hag!"

In cosy corner cushioned well,
Within his own belittered cell,
Sometimes when he goes there to smoke
Away the blues, because he's broke,—
He gulps down something with a choke
That sounds suspiciously like “’ll!”

For wife has fashioned on the screen
Charred outlines of old Angeline,
Who, in the dim light looks so real,
It gives him quite an eerie feel!
For once he hit her with a stone,
And she hit back and made him moan!

And sometimes when he goes to dine,
He sees her swaying in the wine,—
Thro' thin-blown goblets he can trace
A leer or scowl upon her face,
Until he wonders "Why the deuce
Wifee dear is such a goose!"

Or on a brown and yellow beer jug
Sometimes he sees "her queer old mug"
Grin at him,—a sinister reminder
To "in the ways of life be kinder!"
Thus doth Remorse upon his track
To childhood's precepts turn him back!

For Leschi, Chief, we've named a park,
But think when there of annals dark
Connected with his name!
Not so of Angeline,—her fame
Is grand! Thus doth Good lend
Its power unto us its fame to send!

The edict of the red man "Man-a-loose" (to kill)
The white man, she in her soul did will
To change; and hidden low in a canoe
Came o'er the waters of the bay so blue
To warn the white man of his danger,—
Since then to none has she been a stranger!

Once, on our yearly festal day
Our Princess special honors won,
Arrayed in raiment bright and gay;
“Nika yutle; Nika dilate tyee kope okook sun.”
(She rode in state this Indian jade)
“I’m proud! I’m chief today of this parade!”

“Nika Papa dilate hyas Tyee!”

(My father was a very great man)

Said this ancient Sibyl of the sea,

With pride stamped on her face of tan,

Thinking “three times three Seattle” glee

Meant “Papa dilate hyas Tyee!”

Her wardrobe was a varied one,
Donated by most every one,
But Angie deemed it not worth while
To put on others' cast-off style !
And much preferred a plain bandana
To 'kerchief silk from far Havana !

The daughter of old Chief Seathl,
Branded low 'mongst human cattle,
Knew many things in Indian lore
Of town that grew by Puget's shore,—
And from her narrow eyes so keen
Could read the white man's well, I ween!

“Nika halo cumtux,” (I cannot understand)
She often said in accents bland
And shook her head, the while her eye
Bespoke she uttered wilful lie!
(Perhaps she learned this lawful art
In school where white men took a part!)

Once, when sickness laid her low
Some white friends took her fate in tow,
Unto the hospital she straight was sent
And dollars freely on her spent,
But Princess Angeline wood-reared
Her new environments but feared!

The ceiling low, the wall too near—
With glare and clutch she cried in fear—
“ Ah-na! Nika mitlite kope Skookum House! ”
And thro' her swarthy skin shone pale
Her deadly fear of white man's jail—
“ Nika tiki killape kope nika house! ”

She but betrayed by storm within,
That "Nature makes the whole world kin"—
For who, when dread disease takes hold
Of him, but finds asylum cold?
And charity *away from home*
So bitter-sweet he fain would roam!

And when she fell and broke her arm,
Her friends went to her in alarm ;
But, with her stolid stoicism,
Angie's answers only quizzed 'em—
She seemed to think that broken bone
Could best be borne by her alone!

How few there are, who, lone and free,
Seek not to find some sympathy!
True pride is found among the poor,—
They learn the lesson to endure,
Nor seek some avenue to tell
The torments of their sorrow's hell!

Something about the poor old soul,
From pockets drew a cheerful toll,
And these, in time, became the banks
For Angie's checks; with mumbled thanks
She often drew on her account,
Small sums that footed large amount !

Were she alive, the City Fathers even yet
Would tax our till for Angie's cigarette,
For these she smoked (like Dame la Mode)—
Nor cared for creed or moral code!
But sad to say, a wag, with matches wet,
Sometimes would tender her a cigarette!!!

From H. L. Yesler and A. A. Denny
Old Angy drew full many a penny,
And with them bought her "muck-a-muck"
To eat down by the salt sea "chuck,"
And well she liked, this ancient belle
To eat of Piper's famous "Sapolil!"

And in her quaint and labored speech,
She tribute gave to all and each
Who read beneath her swarthy skin
Conception of all human kin!
These things I learned long days between,
For I was friend of Angeline!



For I was Friend of Angeline



She had seen Hayes ; and in new caparison,
As Tyee, with our Chief Ben Harrison
Upon the platform duly placed,
The common crowd she calmy faced!
Her absence, thus, was sadly felt,
When we were charming T. Roosevelt!

There still lives here, her tillicum,
A "lum-ne-i," one first to come
To Puget's shores, and a plain word
Is proof from lips of Catherine Maynard;
She, too, avers that Angeline's soul was pure,
And that astray her virtue none could lure!



Lum-ne-i (Catharine Maynard)

“To two good men I have been wed,
“But Angeline kept faith with one” she said;
“And when he died no other man
“Could comfort her, of white or tan!”
“But dearie, times have changed since then,
“We wed and part, and wed and part, and wed again!”

'Twould do you good to hear this ancient dame
Add laurels unto Angeline's fame!
For her this royal child of Siwash
First stooped soiled linen clean to wash;
And ever after, so runs her ditty,
Angeline called Catherine "Kitty!"

I asked: "Was Angeline always wrinkled?"
You should have seen how old eyes twinkled!
"See that picture? 'twas taken one day after Lincoln
Was assassinated! Plump, I'm a thinkin'—
Well, so was she; do I look like that picture?
I did before these wrinkles were a fixture!"



“ There stands the Doctor’s vacant chair
It’s old like me, and made of hair ;
I like that chair and always see him in it,
It seems I see him now, this minute;
He used to joke with Angeline,
And teased me too time in between ! ”

She lived alone, away from tribe,
A haughty Princess none could bribe
From stubborn, slothful humbleness,
High spirit in a mold of ugliness,
And wondering, wandered daily up and down
The streets of "Hyas Tyee Papa Town!"

In moments of her body's weariness,
When spirit wore its heaviness,
She sometimes said with solemn cluck—
“Nika mamaloose, Nika klatawa okook chuck ”—
And gained a promise from Mr. Bonney,
That he would bury her, tho' minus money!

She died while he was off at Mexico
And so her corpse to Butterworth's did go.
It seemed as tho' her dearest wish would fail,
But friends remembered it, all hail !
And backed by generous Mr. Stewart
They made their claim and held tight to it !

They built a casket shaped like canoe
To send her hence, with heart so true!
With 'kerchief on, in shroud of brown,
To her long rest they laid her down;
All wrinkles from her face had fled,—
Placid and proud, though old and dead!

And this they did, all minus money,
The firm of Stewart and of Bonney,
And further bought for her the plot
Wherein she sleeps and wakens not!
Pennies for price of her grave-stone,
Were children's offerings, one by one!

Knowing she would not walk again,
To Mr. Stewart she willed her cane;
(By some mischance he had gone lame,
And thus he earned this stick of fame)
Indeed *his* fame grows great and faster,
Seattle's smiling friend, Public Post Master!

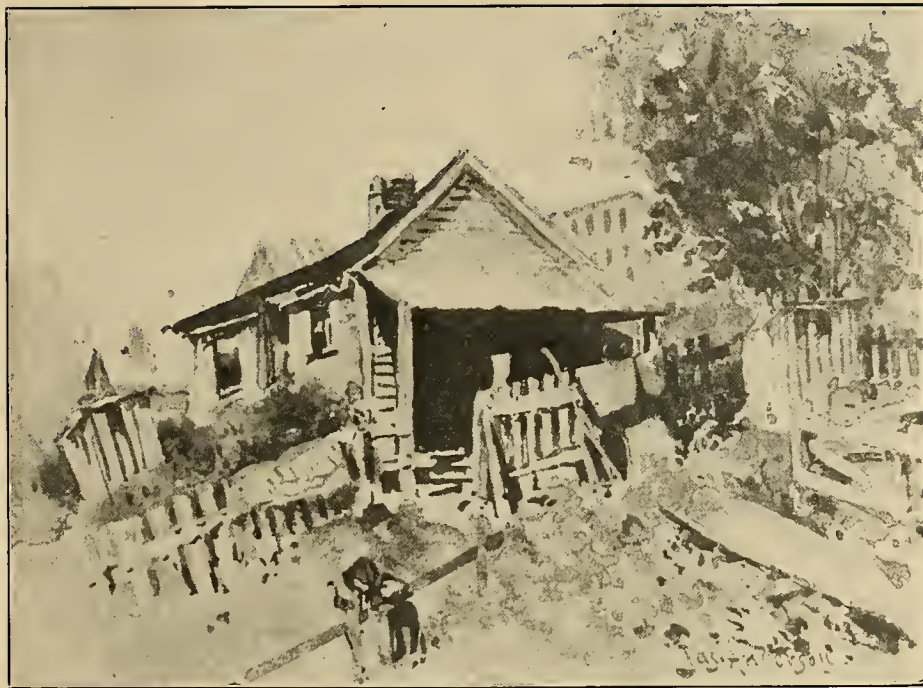
And when she knew she had to die,
She spoke an earnest wish to lie
Near H. L. Yesler, "delate klosch tillicum,"
And there they brought her still and dumb,
And there she lies, this Indian Queen,
Queer, wrinkled, wise old Angeline!



H S Yesler

“Delate Klash Tillicum”

His home of earth-hopes lies in ruins,
Where-through the wind sings weird tunes !
And Angeline's shack ? Long since it fell
In way of Progress' path, pell mell ;
Thus pass away the things of earth,
The grandest and the humblest hearth !



ANGIE'S SHACK

—From Water Color Painting Owned by Mrs. Fred E. Sander

We are too rushed with plans for life,
To pay much heed, when ends the strife
To most; save when a Fortson falls,
Or Death upon our own makes calls!
What drew us then upon the scene
To pay our tribute last to Angeline?

All honors of the church she did receive,
And in its peace and pardon did believe;
And humbled, low, her spirit bent
In grace receiving solemn sacrament!
(To purchase pardon in its last earth-hour
Is all that can be granted power!)

Festooned in dark funeral pall,
Her church became reception hall ;
Her friends were packed from wall to wall
And stillness reigned, while tapers tall
And many, burned their waxness through,
And shed soft glow on black canoe.

Wherein our Princess did embark
Alone to cross the waters dark ;
Towards the East was turned the prow,
And in its sunlight is she now ;
Some went before,—some followed soon,
Now, many leave between each moon !



Y. L. Profontaine

A Friend and Priest of Angeline

And since with benediction of the Priest
We laid our Princess toward the East,
Many who took her there have traveled to
The silent precincts of Lakeview—
Some passed 'neath sod their lives to screen,
But she lives yet, old Angeline!

And standing here beside her grave,
Where grasses green above her wave,
Beneath the tree which guards her rest
And by the stone above her breast,
Where she sleeps lonely-all between
Her friends, I think of then and Angeline!



All who lie here came on the road
From life to death, each with his load
Of doubt and care, or bitter fear,
To claim some sympathizing tear ;
Yet tombstones speak their memory
Less faithful than old Angy's tree !

As by the rough-hewn granite stone
It sings her requiem alone ;
Daughter of the Chief Seathl,
Friend of white man in the battle
With the savage ; ever honored by the town
Since builded into world renown !

Child of the forest, in her infancy
She learned the language of its mystery;
Child of a Chieftain, well she knew
How conquerors wear a spray of rue!
So with the names we love, between
I'll write the name of Angeline!

And on our trysting day of Memory
We'll strew some blooms beneath the tree
Upon the lone triangled sward,
Sole heritage she claims as a reward
For tillicum to white man in the battle
With her tribe, to save Seattle!



Pioneer Block in 1860

Princess of Puget Sound, not only of Seattle,
But honored far where roar and rattle
Blend in traffic day by day ;
From the precincts of the Duwamish,
Stained with crimson of the Siwash,
To the boundaries of the bay !

'Tis true some strangers with a frown
Do sometimes try to call us down!
For things we do and things we dont,
For what we want and what we wont!
But what care we for fret or frown?
We still are "Hias Tyee Papa Town!"

There is a plot reserved for me,
Not far from Angeline's tree,
Wherein I too shall some day dwell,
For death all timber once doth fell!
But if my epitaph you screen,—
Read there "A friend of Angeline!"



1503

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'Mika yahoos delate ktosch'—Your face looks nice.

*Man-a-loose--*To kill.

"Nika yutle ; Nika delate Tyee okook Sun"—I am proud ; I'm chief today of this parade !

Nika Papa delate hyas Tyee—My father was a very great man.

Nika halo cumtux—I cannot understand.

"Ah-na ! Nika mitlite kope Skookum House"—Oh, Oh, now I'm in the jail !

"Nika tike killapie kope nika house"—I want to go back to my own house.

Lum-ne-i—An old woman.

"Hyas Tyee Papa town "—Great big Seattle town.

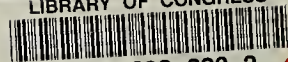
Delate ktosch titlicum—Very dear friend.

Sapolil—Bread.

Muck-a-muck—Food.

Chuck—Water.

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